

# The Mirror

OF

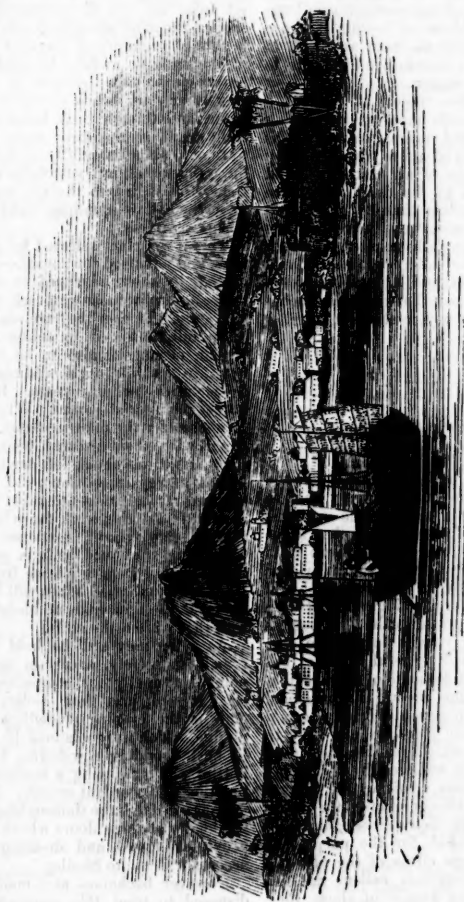
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 16.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1845.

[VOL. 2, 1845.]



POINT A PETRE, GUADALOUPE.

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In the island of Guadeloupe, in the West Indies, some of the most awful phenomena of nature have been witnessed. Burnt stones are sometimes thrown up by volcanic eruptions. The Soufriere or Solfaterra

NO. 1288.

is an eminence which commands an extraordinary view. Its ascent is marked by these evidences of nature's former throes. Smoke issues from the holes and crevices in the hill, and white ashes, having a strong sulphureous odour, are spread over many

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parts. The mouth of the volcano is to the east, and the air on the summit is very cold.

Among the strange varieties here presented, Labat mentions that at a small distance from the shore the sea is so hot it will boil eggs. There is a boiling fountain and a hot marsh; the latter, deceitful in its appearance, has often proved fatal to strangers. The visitor is reminded, by what he sees here, of the sulphur mountains in Denmark, where cauldrons of boiling mud are thrown up at intervals from an abyss in which fire and brimstone are from age to age constantly in action.

Point a Petre, the subject of our cut, a town of considerable importance, carrying on an extensive and various commerce, was completely destroyed a few years back, by the united ravages of an earthquake and fire. In addition to the dead, who were computed at not less than 2000, between 1500 and 1800 men were more or less wounded. The sympathy excited in France at the time for the sufferers in the ill-fated city was very great, and telegraphic orders were issued to Brest, Toulon, and Rochefort, to forward money, medicaments, and a million of rations.

### SKELLIG NIGHT.

BY FRANCIS O'SULLIVAN.

Old maids and bachelors, and it was the case in all ages, are undeservedly held to ridicule, by young people, who omit no opportunity of informing them that a dutiful obligation is neglected. These hints are always acutely felt, let the individual feel ever so happy in celibacy, or should the motives for disregarding parental obedience be even praiseworthy. A useless member of society, who injures no one, scarcely meets with general censure; but all ranks, without distinction, seem to join in the uproar against the wight, who, exiled from matrimony, is sure to defraud a second individual of those comforts auxiliary to domestic happiness. Dreading that they are to be similarly wronged, by permitting such an avaricious tendency to extend itself throughout the community, the young in particular lift up their voices against the old bachelor or maid, for the purpose of warning their own circle of the unpopularity arising from this callous neglect. In addition to the jargon of abuse, they also describe fictitious modes of punishment or places of durance, as the final consequence of determined obduracy; but as the purgatory varies according to the custom of every nation, we shall here be content with selecting one of moderate antiquity, from the usages of Southern Ireland.

The Skelligs are insular rocks situated in the Atlantic Ocean, a few leagues distant from the coast of Kerry. They are bleak, barren, and precipitous, and remind the spectator, even when the surrounding waters are hushed to a smooth and gurgling swell, of some place of banishment, where the convicts are to be excluded for ever from worldly intercourse. When viewed at sunset from the sea, if nothing disturb the silence, the mind actually thrills with dread to behold sublimity of prospect and depth of exclusion so awfully blended together; but when the ocean rises in its rage, they sink their dark heads nearly to the white foam; and though their bases are perceptibly fixed, to the dizzy sight they seem to tumble about playfully in the huge billows, that break into vast fields resembling snow, rise high into the air, and descend upon the hollow-sounding rocks like thundering cataracts.

This is the place selected by young persons, and admitted for the sake of good old custom by those advanced in life, as the retreat of individuals who eschew the married state. Thither they are said to repair, when fully resolved on celibacy, where a certain penance is also to be inflicted on them, so that idleness should not endanger the virtue of declining years. But strange is that penitential work! Whatever may be chosen for the male recluses, in accordance with their natural bent of mind, there is but one choice left for the females—that of repairing men's old wearables, particularly an unmentionable article of apparel! At this work there is to be unceasing employment, rendered the more distressing inasmuch as it is compulsory, until death effects a release from misery, when their unburied bones will be exposed amongst the thousands of bleached skeletons that whiten the cliffs.

As a few may still be bold enough to remain in society, a certain night is appointed annually for compelling them to set out and join their isolated friends. This is the evening preceding Ash Wednesday, which is proclaimed in the streets by boys sounding cow-horns, beating old kettles, and producing a horzonous combination of discordant sounds. They pour in gangs through the thoroughfares, knocking loudly at those doors where unmarried people are found, and shouting in various accents, "Come to Skellig."

However bachelors and maids may be disposed to treat this summons on any other night in the year, when Shrove Tuesday arrives they seem extremely timid, and will not venture near the street; and some even go so far as to close their shops, and extinguishing all lights in their front windows, to repair to the back part of their premises.

In a town where this custom is still in vogue, there resided an old gentleman named Maurice Flinn, who resolved on a certain anniversary thereof, in consequence of the annoyance he received, that should he pass over that occurrence in health, he "never, never" again should be in danger of going to Skellig. That he made this promise, be it rash or conciliating, was given to public knowledge in a whisper, by a widow housekeeper whom he kept to look after his domestic business. When the time passed over, the public looked out anxiously for the performance of Mr. Flinn's promise, which, though he pretended to forget, they never for a moment lost sight of; but he floated down the stream of the succeeding year, quite regardless of his good resolution, until the dreaded hour was just at hand again. With terror he watched its approach, and regretted the favourable opportunity elapsing, if he had but the courage to propose, of effecting a redemption from the threatened condemnation. He canvassed his heart, pointed at some sedate partner, trembled, sighed, and sank again to lethargy, whilst the slightest fortitude might have made him successful.

On the morning of Shrove Tuesday, he opened his hall-door in a melancholy mood, and looked up at the sky, full of gloomy reflections at his unfortunate condition. He was noticed by a lady living opposite, of similar circumstances, somewhat younger than he was, who experienced very great annoyance also, but bore it with more resignation. Whilst, in her morning gown, she opened her window, and reached out to button the shutters against the wall, she looked smilingly towards him, contrary to her usual manner, caused perhaps by a dread of the event, and asked engagingly, "Mr. Flinn, are you ready to go to Skellig?"

He was harrowed into a look of cheerfulness, and putting on a leaden smile, answered: "Oh! aye—Miss Moore—oh! aye, certainly, Miss Moore."

"The weather will be favourable, I believe," she observed, imitating him in taking sky-observations.

"It does look pretty favourable, too," he remarked, whilst a sigh almost choked him.

From words of common import, such as adjust the intimacy between acquaintances, in a hurried meeting, they entered into lengthened conversation; and Mr. Flinn stepped lightly across the street, tiptoe in his slippers, to render their sorrow the less by awakening mutual interest in the kindred grievance.

Night came on clad in terrors, and the first sound of some cow-horn re-echoed in his heart. He removed to a little back

parlour, so as to be as much out of hearing as possible; but it was no use, for the terrific serenades of old kettle-bands, the noise of whistles, the firing of squibs and crackers, and the direful, oft-repeated summons, "Come to Skellig," accompanied with a *row-de-dow* on the knocker enough to awaken the entranced, reached his ears so distinctly, that once or twice he wished himself in the condemned island, without the trouble or exposure of going thither publicly. Every gang that rushed past poor Mr. Flinn's house reminded him of his broken promise, and his unpardonable neglect during the past year. He felt it severely, poor man! as he sat down, overwhelmed with dread, and endeavoured to drown his anxiety with a solitary tumbler of hot grog. He pitied Miss Moore for the first time in his life; and as his spirits were being influenced by the liquor, he resolved on purchasing another pardon from his tormentors, by expressing public sorrow for his neglect, and solemnly promising to enter the married state without delay. Often did he arise with this bold intention, and as often did he fail, sinking into confused thought; until a thundering repetition of knocks, that shivered the door almost to splinters, made him courageous; and fixing his mind at its utmost force, he arose, tremulous with joy, that some hope of escaping from such annual torment was in view.

He chose a silent interval for coming to the door, and in the dark he opened it wide, and stood boldly on the threshold. Not long was he waiting so, when a gang of boys and girls rushed up, who, not forgetful of him, were about to arouse him to a state of readiness for his journey; but they were astonished to find the door open, and without suspecting any opposition, they formed a half circle round him.

"Are you not ready yet, you old fool?" asked a boy of diminutive size, but fearful voice, on this occasion.

"Get your hat, and come to Skellig, you old rogue!" cried a louder voice, from a more formidable summoner.

"Come to Skellig, you old rogue!" was then shouted by some fifty different voices, the crowd swelling by new accessions, who figured in this nocturnal carnival.

"I shall make good my promise, I solemnly—" cried Mr. Flinn, motioning to be heard.

He was interrupted by different exclamations of "Don't believe him—he promised the same last year, the old liar!—don't believe a word he says—pull him along!"

"I solemnly declare I shall—" endeavoured poor Mr. Flinn.

"Oh, you liar—you old rogue—you deceiver—bring him along!" from some hundred excited bosoms.

They gathered around him, and forced him from the door, which his old house-keeper watched, as she silently enjoyed the fun; and like the Lilliputians and the man-mountain, what was wanting in personal strength was supplied by numbers, until they had him amongst them, in the middle of the street. He begged, struggled, and promised, but it had no weight on his furious captors, who pushed him across to Miss Moore's door, where they called to demand her presence in like manner.

It may be imagined from this, that Maurice Flinn was a man of small stature, and as such was easily managed by the juvenile gang; but it will astonish to state, that he was one of the largest men in the province, whose simple prostration in any direction would crush like a tower many of the surrounding foe. He was laid in the cradle with the bones and strength of Hercules, but there it ceased; and as he grew up, he became weaker in proportion to increasing bulk, until at last he had scarcely the power to move himself forward, unless propelled by some great inward impulse. If by leaning against a wall or a pillar, either might tumble to the ground, so it may; but if the pulling down required the additional force of another pound, the object might stand in his way for ever, and Maurice would not strive to remove the obstacle.

Such was the man who solicited pardon of the young enemies to celibacy, declaring that he was "more sinned against than sinning," whilst they declared him to be a notorious sinner. In this condition he might have remained longer, had not something of more importance than the request of the crowd caused Miss Moore's door to be opened, by which opportunity Mr. Flinn quickly profited, and hastened into the maiden lady's presence, pale with terror.

She knew the cause of his alarm, and made him be seated, when they entered into a long descent on the annual visitation, the negligence of the authorities, and the most rational mode of putting an end to the nuisance. He hinted, in which he was ironically seconded by the lady, the necessity of writing to the lord-lieutenant about it, and said he would do the same before the termination of the current week.

"By this means," he observed, "all sheriffs, bailiffs, and other officers will be aiding, at their peril for refusal, in protecting unmarried people."

He called frequently during that week, to receive some hints concerning the mode of proceeding; but, lo! it finally turned out to be a different matter of consideration. The change was gradually effected, and both resolved to come within the pale of public respect by uniting their hands and

hearts. And it came to pass, that on the ensuing Shrove Tuesday night, Mr. and Mrs. Flinn, in their dotage, were the most vociferous amongst those who terrified old bachelors and maids by that thrilling summons—"Come to Skellig."

### THE CITY OF TETUAN.

The course of events threatens to bring us more intimately acquainted with Africa than heretofore. In the last year the emperor of Morocco incurred the displeasure of France, and hostilities commenced which ended in a peace, the terms of which were dictated by France. Abd-el-Kader, a daring and successful chief, had made himself formidable to the French. The aid he derived from the emperor of Morocco, it was presumed, supplied the means, and the latter was bound to afford him no further assistance or retreat.

Contrary to expectation, these measures have not enfeebled the bold Arab, who recently succeeded in cutting off 450 French soldiers. All France is in a fever on account of the disaster. An expedition is now fitting out, against Morocco it is presumed, whose emperor will be charged in due time with bad faith, and flagrant violations of the treaty of peace. Its territory will probably be over-run by French armies, unless the climate, far more formidable than the sword, shall admonish the wasting conquerors to withdraw.

Tetuan is an important town or city in the empire of Morocco. It is situated in the province of El Garb, near the river of Busega, about a league and a half inland from the Mediterranean. Till the year 1770, the consuls of the European powers were established there. At that date the emperor Seedy Mahomet ordered their removal, and could not be prevailed upon to allow them to return.

The fortifications of Tetuan are formidable in appearance, though it is more than probable they will not be able to offer any effectual resistance to European gunnery. Bold and ferocious as the Moors are known to be, as a nation they want strength. They are in fact, notwithstanding their long intercourse with the Europeans, still mere barbarians. They are a mixture of Jews and Spaniards, who speak a corrupt Spanish, and distil from figs and raisins an ardent spirit, which, when it has been kept some time, resembles Irish usquebaugh. A recent traveller gives us the following picture of the manner in which the Moors live:

"The favourite dish of the country is *houkous*, which is prepared as follows:—A dough is made of wheat flour, and is pressed through a sieve made of stout

parchment perforated with small holes: the strings of dough are continually cut off, so as to form small pellets of dough of the size of ordinary shot, and these are rolled about until they are quite round, and have attained a sufficient hardness to prevent them from sticking together. Earthen pipkins form the ordinary cooking utensils of the country; and upon an earthen jar, containing water, a bowl perforated with a number of small holes is set, into which bowl the granulated dough is put, covered with a folded cloth, and it is cooked by the steam. A fowl and some onions are usually boiled in the water, and are added to the granulated dough or *kouskous*, forming a palatable and savoury dish. There are no knives or forks used in the dissection of a fowl or other similar article, but meats of every kind are torn asunder by the persons sitting at table, who would disdain any instruments of cutlery but their fingers for the accomplishment of such operations."

It is the vice of all barbarous nations to look with scorn and abhorrence on foreigners. The Moors have great prejudices against Europeans. These are found to be much stronger among the women than among the men. The writer already quoted, says, "This is stronger in Tetuan, where Christians are rarities, than in Tangier, where the consular body and its retainers have familiarised the people to the 'Nazarani.' At Tangier, the women, when in the streets, cover themselves with a hayk, or large plaid, leaving but a small opening through which they can see with one eye. In Tetuan, the women also cover themselves closely with the hayk, but are not altogether dependent upon it, as they have a piece of calico extending across the face, beneath the eyes, which completely conceals the features. The old women have the reputation of concealing their faces more carefully than the young ones, who are accused of sometimes dropping the hayk by a wilful accident. Both the Moorish and the Jewish women are fond of jewellery, and every kind of gaudy dress. Most of the Jewesses have a silver band, or tiara, encircling the head, on which pearls and precious stones of every kind are arranged in tasteful devices. Gold lace, and gold thread of every kind, is in great request, and even the poorest persons will generally contrive to obtain a fine dress or two, which will constitute all their fortune. European jewellery is not much prized; and the jewellery of the country, which is that in request, is of the rudest description. The earrings of the Jewesses are of the size and shape of ram's horns: the tip is diminished in size sufficiently to go into a hole in the ear, and the large end, which is adorned by a profusion of flagree work, is looped up by a hook

to the hair. The weight of these barbarous appendages draws down and deforms the ear, and, in my mind, they inspired a continual terror lest the flagree should catch in some projecting object, during a rapid movement, and tear the earring out of the ear. Some of the women also wear bracelets and anklets, but these are by no means so common as the earrings and the tiara. The dress of the women, within doors, consists of an embroidered jacket with short sleeves, usually of silk or velvet, and a petticoat of dark green cloth, which is not made after the fashion of European petticoats, but is merely a piece of cloth rolled several times round the person, and secured by a scarlet damask scarf, inwoven with gold thread, tied round the waist. Unmarried females have long hair arranged in two plaits hanging down the back; but when they are married, this is cut off, and they then employ a crimson scarf, with the ends hanging down the back, as a head dress; and it is by no means an unbecoming one."

"Tetuan is a much more thriving town than Tangier: it has some manufactories, whereas Tangier has none, but chiefly depends for its support on the money expended by the consuls. The chief occupations of Tetuan appear to be shoemaking and tailoring, iron working, weaving, dyeing, and mat making. The countrymen, who are chiefly Berbers, come into the market with their commodities borne by camels, horses, or asses, and each has his long gun, without which he would never think of travelling. They bring wheat, oil-skins, wax, honey, and a number of other articles, and take back woollen and cotton goods, cutlery, shoes, and other similar articles, part of which are of European production, and the rest are manufactures of the place. The Berbers are distinguished by a long lock of hair descending from their heads, after the manner of the Chinese, while the rest is either shaved or cut quite close. They say that by this lock of hair Mahomet is to draw them up to heaven. There is a tradition among them, that they are the descendants of the Philistines that were driven out of Palestine by David. The mountainous parts occupied by this people cannot be traversed with safety even by the envoys of the sultan. The district of Reif, for example, lying on the coast between Tangier and Tetuan, the inhabitants of those towns cannot visit without great risk, and scarcely ever, therefore, make the attempt. Small vessels that are becalmed upon that part of the coast, are often boarded and spoiled, and the crews murdered, and no redress is to be obtained for such acts of violence. The chief use of the walls around Tangier and Tetuan is not to de-

fend them against a foreign crusader, but to shield the inhabitants of the towns from the lawless mountaineers, who would otherwise descend in the night to rob and murder. If any calamity falls upon a town from fire or otherwise, the Berber will be sure to seize that opportunity to endeavour to plunder it; so that the people in the towns have to contend against a double foe. During the recent bombardment of Tangier by the French, the Berbers were thundering at the gates, and they would have cared nothing for the town having fallen into the hands of the French, provided they had succeeded in obtaining part of the booty. Any government less supine than that of Morocco, would long since have taken steps either to expel such miscreants from the country, or to reduce them to obedience."

The helpless state of the Moorish government, which has caused it to offend the French, may be expected to invite attack. A new order of things will probably soon be witnessed—French Africa be considerably enlarged—and the emperor of Morocco ordered to follow the dey of Algiers into exile.

#### THE LAND OF GENUINE LIBERTY.

When the late Mr. Mathews returned from the United States with his budget of oddities, gleaned on the other side of the Atlantic, the Yankee gentlemen who witnessed his "At Home," voted his caricature of "Uncle Sam," his "Nigger," &c., too broad. Society in America was declared to be in a much more advanced state; and for his coarse lampoon, when the mimic again crossed the western main, he met with anything but a flattering reception. In the same way all English artists who have painted American life have been hooted down. Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens are scouted as gross liars; and English misrepresentation has been a favourite theme with the journalists on the other side of the water.

It however happens unfortunately that from time to time facts transpire which more than justify the most unsparing exposure made by British satirists, which show that in "the model republic," avarice and lust of power prevail to such an extent as to overpower the best feelings of humanity, and these are given to the world, not by individuals who are moved by national prejudices, but by those who belong to the happy land.

Among these Mrs. Child, who has just published "Letters from New York," takes a respectable stand. From her we obtain confirmation of much that has previously

shocked those who had professed themselves the admirers of American freedom. There we see that poverty and all its attendant evils are as deplorably abundant as they can be under a monarchy. That misery which some have weakly supposed was peculiar to Europe, it is clear may be found in the United States, unchecked by those vigorous though not perfectly unexceptionable measures—repudiation, nullification, and Lynch law.

It is monstrous in a nation which has so loudly claimed distinction as the generous advocate of the rights of men, to find slavery in its most odious forms. Yet this we have lately seen elaborately defended by a secretary of state, Mr. Calhoun. That gentleman has thought proper to point out to his countrymen how fearful the mistake committed by Great Britain in abolishing slavery. He tells what few politicians in this country are aware of, that English statesmen are distracted by the awful consequences which result from that step. Mr. Calhoun says:

"The vast increase of the capital and production on the part of those nations who have continued their former policy towards the negro race, compared with that of Great Britain, indicates a corresponding relative increase of the means of commerce, navigation, manufactures, wealth, and power. It is no longer a question of doubt, that the great source of wealth, prosperity, and power of the more civilised nations of the temperate zone (especially Europe, where the arts have made the greatest advance), depends in a great degree on the exchange of their products with those of the tropical regions. So great has been the advance made in the arts, both chemical and mechanical, within the few last generations, that all the old civilised nations can, with but a small part of their labour and capital, supply their respective wants; which tends to limit within narrow bounds the amount of the commerce between them, and forces them all to seek for markets in the tropical regions and the more newly settled portions of the globe. Those who can best succeed in commanding those markets have the best prospect of outstripping the others in the career of commerce, navigation, manufactures, wealth, and power. This is seen and felt by British statesmen, and has opened their eyes to the errors which they have committed. The question now with them is, how shall it be counteracted? What has been done cannot be undone. The question is, by what means can Great Britain regain and keep a superiority in tropical cultivation, commerce, and influence? Or shall that be abandoned, and other nations be suffered to acquire the supremacy, even to the event of supplying

British markets to the destruction of the capital already vested in their production? These are the questions which now profoundly occupy the attention of her statesmen, and have the greatest influence over her councils."

And this he urges in a state paper which had for its object to "hound on" the United States people to the seizure—that is, the "annexation"—of Texas. Great indeed may be the disappointment of those who can feel for their fellow men, that the generous sacrifice made by England has not more largely benefited the suffering race it was intended to relieve, but greater still their grief might rationally be, if that step had never been taken, or could now be recalled, provided it caused us to witness, even among ourselves, such mournfully disgusting scenes as Mrs. Child shows are to be looked upon in "the States." She brings before us a negro laundress, and lets her tell her sad story in her own language. In her we see an affectionate mother, a poor slave faithful to the claims of nature, striving with unwearied zeal to get money, not for her own personal indulgence, but to redeem her child from bondage. But all in vain. Her mistress, Mrs. Kinmore, a religious lady, would not let the sable parent have her own offspring if she could get a dollar more for him from a stranger. The course things took we have thus brought before us:—

"I carried all my money to my mistress, and told her I had more due to me; and if all of it wasn't enough to buy my poor boy, I'd work hard and send her all my earnings, till she said I had paid enough. She *knew* she could trust me. She *knew* Charity always kept her word. But she was a hard-hearted woman. She wouldn't let me have my boy. With a heavy heart, I went to work to earn more, in hopes I might one day be able to buy him. To be sure, I didn't get much more time than I did when I was a slave; for mistress was always calling upon me; and I didn't like to disoblige her. I wanted to keep the right side of her, in hopes she'd let me have my boy. One day she sent me of an errand. I had to wait some time. When I come back, mistress was counting a heap of bills in her lap. She was a rich woman—she rolled in gold. My little girl stood behind her chair; and as mistress counted the money—ten dollars—twenty dollars—fifty dollars—I see that she kept crying. I thought may be mistress had struck her. But when I see the tears keep rolling down her cheeks all the time, I went up to her, and whispered, 'What's the matter?' She pointed to mistress's lap, and said, 'Broder's money! Broder's money!' Oh, then I understood it all! I said to mistress Kinmore, 'Have you sold my boy?' With-

out looking up from counting her money, she drawled out, 'Yes, Charity; and I got a great price for him!' [Here the coloured woman imitated to perfection the languid, indolent tone of southern ladies.] Oh, my heart was too full. She had sent me away of an errand, because she didn't want to be troubled with our cries. I hadn't any chance to see my poor boy. I shall *never* see him again in this world. My heart felt as if it was under a great load of lead. I couldn't speak my feelings. I never spoke them to her from that day to this. As I went out of the room, I lifted up my hands, and all I could say was, 'Mistress, how *could* you do it?'"

But slavery, though repugnant to English notions, is a state of comparative happiness, we are told. In this instance, what followed? The poor boy thus sold, having accidentally given offence, was shot dead by his purchaser because he did not understand with alacrity to be flogged for what he had done.

That Mrs. Kinmore was a religious lady, will be seen from a further extract. Charity, who had received the present of her liberty from a slave jobber, went to New York. There meeting with one to whom she had formerly been known she was asked:—

"What has become of your mistress Kinmore? Do you ever hear from her?' 'Yes, ma'am, I often hear from her; and summer before last, as I was walking up Broadway, with a basket of clean clothes, who should I meet but my old mistress Kinmore! She gave a sort of start and said, in her drawling way, 'O, Charity, is it you?' Her voice sounded deep and hollow, as if it come from under the ground; for she was far gone in a consumption. If I wasn't mistaken, there was a something *here* (laying her hand on her heart), that made her feel strangely when she met poor Charity. Says I, 'How do you do, mistress Kinmore? How does little Sammy do?' (That was my little grandson, you know, that she wouldn't let me buy). 'I'm poorly, Charity,' says she; 'very poorly. Sammy's a smart boy. He's grown tall, and tends table nicely. Every night I teach him his prayers.' The indignant grandmother drawled out the last words in a tone which Fanny Kemble herself could not have surpassed. Then suddenly changing both voice and manner, she added in tones of earnest dignity, 'Och! I couldn't stand *that*! Good morning, ma'am!' said I. I smiled, as I inquired whether she had heard from Mrs. Kinmore since. 'Yes, ma'am. The lady that brings my daughter to the north every summer, told me last fall she didn't think Mistress Kinmore could live long. When she went home, she asked me if I had any message to send to my old mis-

tress. I told her I had a message to send. Tell her, says I, to prepare to meet poor Charity at the judgment seat."

The consequence of this is, in the United States we find a villainously discordant and immoral population. On all sides the seeds of vice are springing up most vigorously. Native born Americans (in the States) despise their own fathers for having first seen the light in foreign lands. Every reader of history has smiled incredulously at the story of the son of king Henry II. When the monarch, at a feast, in compliment to him put the first dish on the table, the prince disdainfully remarked that "it was not much for the son of a great king to be waited upon by the son of a petty count." In America we have something like a realisation of it:

"A young loafer, a native born, but of Irish parentage, being out late in the evening, his father inquired where he had been. He replied, 'To a native American meeting;' and received a whipping for his impertinence. 'I don't care a copper for the flogging,' said the juvenile patriot; 'but to be struck by a cursed foreigner is too bad.'"

The principles acted upon in the United States seem in countless instances to be pregnant with evil. For the man once convicted of theft, it is more difficult than even in England to return to the paths of honesty. No mercy is shown to penitence, and this causes crime to be repeated. Several instances of the melancholy consequences of pursuing such a course are given by Mrs. Child. We subjoin one, which places in striking contrast the vicious system which prevails, and the counteracting efforts of individual benevolence:—

"Patrick McKeever, a poor Irishman in Philadelphia, was many years ago sentenced to be hung for burglary. For some reason or other he was reprieved at the foot of the gallows, and his sentence changed to ten years' imprisonment. He was a man of few words, and hope seemed almost dead within him; but when Friend Hopper, who became inspector during the latter part of his term, talked to him like a brother, his heart was evidently touched by the voice of kindness. After his release, he returned to his trade, and conducted himself in a very sober, exemplary manner. The inspector often met him, and spoke words of friendly encouragement. Things were going on very satisfactory, when a robbery was committed in the neighbourhood, and Patrick was immediately arrested. His friend went to the mayor, and inquired what proof there was that he committed the robbery. 'No proof; but he is an old convict, and that is enough to condemn him,' was the answer. 'Nay, it is not enough,' replied Friend Hopper.

'He has suffered severely for the crime he did commit; and since he has shown the most sincere desire to reform, it never ought to be mentioned against him. I think I know his state of mind, and I will take the responsibility of maintaining that he is not guilty.' But to all his urgent representations, he received the answer, 'He is an old convict and that is enough.' The poor fellow hung down his head, and said in tones of despair, 'Well then I must make up my mind to spend the remainder of my days in prison.' 'Thou wert not concerned in this robbery, wert thou?' said Isaac, looking earnestly in his face. 'Indeed I was not. God be my witness, I want to lead an honest life, and be at peace with all men. But what good will that do? They will say, He is an old convict, and that is enough.' Friend Hopper told him he would stand by him. He did so; and offered to be bail for his appearance. The gratitude of the poor fellow was overwhelming. He sobbed like a child. His innocence was afterwards proved, and to the day of his death he continued a virtuous and useful citizen."

#### LEGEND OF ST. JEAN DU DOIGT.\*

After that by order of the cruel Herod the glorious St. John the Baptist had been decapitated in prison, and that the incestuous Herodias had outraged the holy head by a thousand punctures with her needle; fearing lest it should again unite itself to and reanimate his body again to upbraid her with her adultery, she caused it to be interred in a secret spot within her palace, whilst the disciples of the holy messenger carried the body to the town of Sebastian in Samaria, and there buried it between the two prophets Elisha and Abdias. His body, however, continued to exhibit such surprising miracles, that the emperor Julian the Apostate commanded it to be burnt, and the ashes cast to the winds, thinking by those means to extinguish the glory of Jesus Christ through his holy messenger. The Gentiles, executing these commands, entered with furious zeal into the place of this sacred deposit, razed the sepulchre, carried off the relics, and cast them into a great fire, which reduced part of them to ashes; but there came so violent a rain as to extinguish the fire, and afford the faithful an opportunity of recovering the bones, some entire, and others half burnt, together with the ashes, and to carry them away as precious relics, which have since been dispersed into various

\* Extracted from the Lives of the Breton Saints by Albert le Grand, and first published in the year 1636.

parts of the world. As to the head, it was first discovered by certain devout men who had come to Jerusalem, and to whom the saint appeared, and revealed the place of its deposit. The finger with which the saint pointed out the Saviour, when he exclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world," was presented to Philip, surnamed the Just, the then patriarch of Jerusalem, who received it with great reverence. It was long while there preserved, and was famed for numerous surprising miracles. In course of time a young maiden named Peclé, a native of Normandy, transported it into her own country, where a church of St. Jean du Doigt was erected for it, and the finger placed therein, God renewing the miracles at this translation. At what period this happened, who was this Peclé, or by what means she thus enriched her country, I have not hitherto discovered, neither does history make mention.

Now nigh this church there dwelt a grand seigneur, in whose service was a young Bas-Breton, a native of Plongasnon, but unfortunately his name is not handed down to us. This young man bore a singular affection towards the sacred messenger, and exhibited an extraordinary devotion for the holy finger. Being about to quit his master and return into Brittany, he earnestly affected some portion of the miraculous relic, incessantly praying God and St. John to grant him this favour, and persevering weeks together before the altar, in fastings and tears.

About the year of grace 1437, John V being then duke of Brittany, and Charles VII king of France, our young Breton, desirous of quitting Normandy, where the French waged a deadly warfare against the English, to compel them to evacuate France, and recross the sea into their own country, demanded his discharge; but before departing, he resorted, according to custom, to the church of St. John, and offered up his prayers with extraordinary fervour and devotion; and perceiving himself possessed with an inward satisfaction and delight he could nowise account for, he at once set out for his native place. On the first day, passing through a little town, the church bells struck out of their own accord, and the trees bent their heads and bowed before him, to the great wonderment of the people, who, suspecting him of sorcery, apprehended him, and clapped him into prison.

In his extremity, he devoutly commended himself to God and St. John Baptist, whom he selected as his intercessor; and having concluded his frugal repast, he laid him down to sleep. What was his surprise upon awaking on the morrow to find himself in his own country and parish, beside

a fountain now called Feunteon-ar-Bis, that is, La Fontaine du Doigt, The Fountain of the Finger. Before him lay the parish church (of Plongasnon), the valley of Praonn Meriadec between its two hills, and to the north the British ocean or English channel, and the fort of Frimel; whilst beneath lay his own village and paternal roof. The more he contemplated the scene, the more was he convinced that he was in his own parish. Rising up with all joyfulness, he descended into the valley, the oaks and elms curbing and bending their tops as he passed. Arrived at the bottom, the bell of the chapel, then dedicated to St. Meriadec, began of itself to ring in a most extraordinary manner, whereupon the neighbours betook themselves to the sacred edifice, and there discovered the young man on his knees before the altar. In their presence the papers lit up spontaneously, and the sainted relic which the Breton had unconsciously borne at the junction of the right hand with the arm between the skin and the flesh of his right hand, leaped upon the altar, the which perceiving, he thought to have died with joy, remaining long while without ability to utter a word. At length, having regained his presence of mind, he arose, and manifested to all the people that this was the finger of St. John the Baptist.

After relating that duke John having been instructed of these miracles came to Morlaix, attended by four prelates and a numerous suite; and having caused the young man to be interrogated, and diligent inquiries to be made in Normandy and at the church of St. John there, and finding the whole account true, made a solemn procession to Plongasnon, and thence to Chapelle-Meriadec, where he devoutly kissed the relic, the reverend father proceeds to tell us that—

The miracles occasioned through the merits of St. John by the touch of the finger, which restored sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and health to the diseased of all kinds, attracted an infinite multitude to this little chapel of St. Meriadec, whence there accrued such vast sums of money that it was resolved to erect a larger structure.

In 1489, the English auxiliaries, under the command of the controller-general of England, Richard Eggecumbe, unable to keep themselves from "roding," landed one night entered the bourg of St. John, pillaged it, and carried off the finger, with intent to present it to their king (Henry VII) a very religious and Catholic king. Arrived at the port of Hampton, a numerous procession of ecclesiastics with cross and taper proceed to the shore.

But when the dean had opened the box he found nothing, whereat all were greatly

marvelled, and yet more when in their presence the authors of the sacrilege were stricken blind.

They only recovered their sight on making a pilgrimage to St. John's, where the holy relic was found in its case.

Queen Ann, in the year 1506, sent for the finger to Morlaix; and the rector of Plongasnon and the master of St. John were in the act of bearing it thither on their shoulders, when no sooner had they gotten into the churchyard, that the litter gave a loud creak. Meanwhile the relic had vanished, and on the attendants returning into the church, after much intercession and prayer they discovered it in its case once more. The queen finding that the finger would not come to her, prudently resolved to wait upon it, and performed the latter part of her pilgrimage on foot. At the spot where she descended from her litter, is the cross of Lann-Festour, on whose pedestal is the imprint of her foot. It seems that the Maltese pretended to possess the identical forefinger; and so warm was the dispute, that a learned doctor of the Sorbonne was called upon to determine the matter, and he adjudicated in favour of the Bas-Bretons, and the Maltese relic was a middle finger. The learned and pious editor of the late edition of *Le Grand*, gives us to understand in a note that

"The relic is evidently the last joint of a finger. It is black, the nail clearly distinguishable, and the flesh dissipated. It is impossible to determine by the shape to what finger or to which hand it had belonged, but it appears to be the point of a fore or middle finger. It is enveloped in parchment, with a handwriting of the fifteenth century."

"*The fire of St. Jean*," says M. Souvestre, "is always lit, in the parish of St. Jean du Doigt, by an angel who descends from the steeple; but the mechanism of this machine is so rude, its apparel so visible, that the peasants are not duped by it, and never could have been. The object has evidently ever been to amuse the pilgrims by a scenic representation, and in nowise to deceive them."

*Death of Herr Grabe.*—This distinguished individual, celebrated as a political economist, died on his way home from Canton—to which city he had gone as a member of the mission charged with the arrangement of commercial regulations between the kingdom of Prussia and the celestial empire. Herr Grabe was only thirty-two years of age; and the chair of political economy, about to be created at the university of Königsberg, was destined for him on his return.

## Rebels.

### Smith's Book for a Rainy Day.

A work of considerable amusement and untiring research, in which are described, in clear and explicit language, the various antiquities of London, intermixed with well-drawn sketches of character. Its variety is a decided recommendation, while its humour will admirably wile away a rainy day, or a few hours in a steam-boat. To all this work has its attractions, but more so to Londoners, because metropolitan life and London topography are more especially treated. The following passages must be doubly interesting to him who is acquainted with the north of Holborn and Oxford-street.

### TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD IN 1773.

"As few persons possess so retentive a memory as myself, I make no doubt that many will be pleased with my recollections of the state of Tottenham-court-road at this time. \* \* \* The ground behind the north-west end of Russell-street was occupied by a farm, belonging to two old maiden sisters of the name of Capper. They wore riding-habits and men's hats; one rode an old grey mare, and it was her spiteful delight to ride with a large pair of shears after boys who were flying their kites, purposely to cut their strings; the other sister's business was to seize the clothes of the lads who trespassed on their premises to bathe. From Capper's farm were several straggling houses; but the principal part of the ground to the King's Head, at the end of the road, was unbuilt upon. The Old King's Head forms a side object in Hogarth's beautiful and celebrated picture of 'The March to Finchley,' which may be seen with other fine specimens of art in the Foundling Hospital, for the charitable donation of one shilling. I shall now recommence on the left-hand side of the road, noticing that on the front of the first house, No. 1 in Oxford-street, near the second-floor windows, is the following inscription cut in stone, 'Oxford Street, 1725.' Hanway street, better known by the vulgar people under the name of 'Hanover Yard,' was at this time the resort of the highest fashion for mercery and other articles of dress. The public-house, the sign of the 'Blue Posts,' at the corner of Hanway-street, in Tottenham-court-road, was once kept by a man of the name of Sturges, deep in the knowledge of chess, upon which game he published a little work. From the Blue Posts, the houses were irregularly built to a large space called Gresse's Gardens; thence to Windmill-street, strongly recommended by physicians for the salubrity of the air. The premises occupied by the French charity children were held by the founders

of the Middlesex Hospital, which was established in 1755, where the patients remained until the present building was erected in Charles-street. Colwill-court, parallel with Windmill-street, northward, was built in 1766; and Goodge-street, further on, was, I conjecture, erected much about the same time. Mr. Whitfield's chapel was built in 1754, upon the site of an immense pond, called 'the Little Sea.' Beyond the chapel the four dwellings, then called 'Paradise Row,' almost terminated the houses on that side. A turnstile opened into Crab-tree Fields. They extended to the Adam and Eve public-house, the original appearance of which Hogarth has also introduced into his picture of 'The March to Finchley.' \* \* \* The whole of the ground north from Capper's Farm, at the back of the British Museum, so often mentioned as being frequented by duellists, was in irregular patches, many fields with turn-stiles. The pipes of the New River Company were propped up in several parts to the height of six and eight feet; so that persons walked under them to gather water-cresses, which grew in great abundance and perfection, or to visit 'The Brothers' Steps,' well known to the Londoners."

#### STREET SPLENDOURS OF 1771.

"The gaiety during the merry month of May was to me most delightful: my feet, though I knew nothing of the positions, kept pace with those of the blooming milkmaids, who danced round their garlands of massive plate, hired from the silversmiths to the amount of several hundreds of pounds, for the purpose of placing round an obelisk, covered with silk fixed upon a chairman's horse. The most showy flowers of the season were arranged so as to fill up the openings between the dishes, plates, butter-boats, cream-jugs, and tankards. This obelisk was carried by two chairmen in gold-laced hats; six or more handsome milkmaids in pink and blue gowns, drawn through the pocket-holes, for they had one on either side; yellow or scarlet petticoats, neatly quilted, high-heeled shoes, mob-caps, with lappets of lace resting on their shoulders; nosegays in their bosoms, and flat Woffington hats, covered with ribands of every colour. But what crowned the whole of the display was a magnificent silver tea-urn which surmounted the obelisk, the stand of which was profusely decorated with scarlet tulips. A smart, slender fellow of a fiddler, commonly wearing a sky-blue coat, with his hat profusely covered with ribands, attended; and the master of the group was accompanied by a constable to protect the plate from too close a pressure of the crowd, when the maids danced before the doors of his customers."

#### New London Magazine.

The October number of this magazine is interesting, nor is it void of talent. The paper, entitled "The Bachelor's Encyclopedia of Practical Economy" is told with humour, and bids fair to be a highly popular paper. The prefatory remarks would induce any *célebreur* to seek eagerly a perusal, as they promise to guard the unmarried man against the numerous dangers that environ bachelorhood. The promise, too, is not without its performance, for in the first portion of the article several highly useful hints are thrown out, which, if observed, will add to the comforts of the man who boasts about his hat covering his family. "Leaves from the Note Book of a Coroner," is a striking paper, and leaves upon the mind the true yet painful impression that, however joyful the day or hour, let it be a Christmas or a New Year,—there are many whose hearts partake not of the general joy—poor creatures who, not from evil propensities, wander about forlorn, hungry, and shivering with cold, in a land of plenty. The subjoined is starting:—

#### A PEEP AT THE MODERN COFFEE-HOUSES.

"Perhaps the most remarkable feature of a London thoroughfare is visible in the coffee and reading-rooms scattered about in every possible direction, and of every possible diversity of appearance. Like the tranquil intervals of a river when it glides over the level channels which intervene between the turmoil and agitation of its cataracts, the traffic of the vast metropolis has its dallying places in these pleasant regions of seclusion. Often is the city wayfarer tempted, from the tumult of out-of-door existence, by some seductive invitation to a dish of aromatic mocha, emblazoned in fat capitals and disposed with much symmetry amidst a map of flourishes. Now, the more fastidious multitude is decoyed by an exterior of plate glass and fluted corinthians, or an interior of gigantic mirrors and or-molu decoration; now, the more indifferent pedestrian is attracted to the dingy breakfast house by its primitive benches and a ventilator that reminds one of the Mexican republicans, who are always ready for a revolution at the slightest breath. In the former case, the gallant may fancy himself within the precincts of the Palais Royal while he slumbers over the columns of the *Charivari*, or may see upon the gorgeous papering of the saloon an illustration of the poem he was reading over night, while, at the same moment, he can render himself a very fashionable kind of vegetable blight, inasmuch as 'killing time' will constitute his claim to the title. In the latter instance, the artizan may practise a very useful

chapter in arithmetic by balancing accounts between a broiled rasher and an excellent appetite,—a problem which consists in a subtle description of multiplication, the 'product' of which is easily discovered by the waiting-maid. One circumstance in connection with coffee-houses must strike the most superficial observer, namely, the wonderful variety of their external character; some conspicuous from the absence of everything save a name, a scraper, and a wire-blind; others, from their extraordinary ostentation in the display of still more extraordinary viands behind the window-panes—eggs, so spotted by blue-bottles that you might imagine them the production of some colossal blackbird; pies, so sickly in the crust as to imply the fact of their having been merely sun-baked, and strange little saucers of something, which you at first mistake for pickled currants, but which, on closer examination, prove to be poison-traps for the flies. Others appear to be constructed for the direct purpose of playing facetious tricks with the customer—ducking him down two unexpected steps on his entrance, almost snapping his wrist with the violent pulley of the door-way, or crashing his hat off, with a distressing rasp against his forehead, by coming into collision with the knob of the gas-burner. Scarcely a single street of any pretension in this enormous city is without its attendant coffee-house: even in those eccentric little passages which sprout from the larger thoroughfares, and which frequently seem as though they were the main road itself, poking its head between the houses to have a peep at its own back—even up those remarkable nooks and crannies may be discovered some astounding parlour, fraught with all sorts of comfort, squeezed up in some preposterous corner, yet blinking a roguish welcome withal from its chintz curtains. Debarred by custom from attracting observation, as of yore, by some emblematic sign or symbol, these places of refreshment are compelled to satisfy themselves with merely 'a local habitation and a name'; they breathe an atmosphere peculiar to their class, an atmosphere compounded of a gush from a printing-office, the odorous ghost of a coffee-pot, bees'-wax, French varnish, and bird's sand. These present a direct contrast to their renowned predecessors. Formerly, the coffee-house re-echoed with laughter and bon-mots; the gentleman in the powdered scratch talked clean across the apartment to the gentleman in the full-bottomed wig, notwithstanding they had never encountered each other before that interview; the proprietor appeared a generous and hospitable host, who invited you to partake of his refreshments for the benevolence of the thing—and 'a consideration;' the customers were generally allied

to one another by sympathy and frequent intercourse, and a stranger was morally, though not virtually, regarded as a guest; the *habitus* of fashion and society carried his country-cousin thither to introduce him to the wits and characters of his generation; here, the principal literary personages of the age, the dramatist, the bard, the orator, the novelist, the painter, the historian, resorted as to their mental home, and extracted at once a stimulus and a recompense for their capacities by this undisguised familiarity. Nor were their choicest repartees confined within the oak panelling of the coffee-house, since those delicate frubbles and loungers by whom they were constantly surrounded speedily disseminated such jewels of conversation about the parheuse of St. James's and the Mall: inasmuch so, that Fielding hath been often startled by receiving back as original from the coral lips of my lady Tinsel the identical *jeu d'esprit* which he called into existence only twenty minutes before, when seated on one of the green-baize chairs at Hogarth's club. Could a gallery of portraits be collected of these disciples of lord Chesterfield, Beau Nash, and Rochefoucault, it might be not inaptly designated a New Whispering Gallery. Society has, however, undergone a thorough transformation; men have become too universal in their speculations—both monetary and intellectual—to rest satisfied with the random arrows of the humourist; they are too ambitious of joining in the communion of sentiments to sit agape during an entire evening ready to swallow every stray witicism uttered by the more illustrious visitor, and retail it to their acquaintances. Thoughts, though as plentiful, must be selected with as much caution and discrimination as blackberries—the mere green crudities must be neglected as indigestible, and the over-ripe spurned in like manner from their exceeding antiquity. Such circumspection requires in this railroad era more time and assiduity than can be devoted to such a matter by the majority of citizens; the consequence, therefore, is—the wit is himself necessitated to cull and collate his own brilliant reflections, and reduce them to a vendible reality; he portions them out in parts or numbers, like a shilling pottle of mulberries; and thus, from the marvellous increase of readers, and the singular diminution of listeners, authors have been driven to print their exuberant opinions, and hence the origin of *Periodical Literature*. As in the primitive instance, we are indebted to the olden coffee-houses for those inimitable anecdotes which are still extant in such profusion relative to the Augustan age in England, so, in like manner, are we mainly indebted to modern coffee-houses for those astonishing

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outpourings of the press—the magazines, the reviews, the serial romances, and the prodigious bulk of newspapers; which form, at once, the chronicle and the phenomenon of our own immediate times. Through their medium at least, the doctrines promulgated in those publications obtain the widest circulation; and frequently, amidst the tranquillity of these apartments, a mind is awakened to its destined impulse, as with a flash of electricity, at the beck of the wand of that invisible but potent and terrible magician, the Press; that mighty engine, whose silent but indomitable voice penetrates the uttermost limits of the globe, vivifying with its inexorable eloquence the germs of integrity and independence; at one moment branding some petty charlatan with its playful, but irksome scorn; at another, warning a despot in some distant land of the epoch of his doom. Much, indeed, would our predecessors marvel at the vigour, the copiousness, the diffusion, and the inexhaustible energies of this new creation. Summoned into being by man's instinctive thirst for regeneration, the press is simultaneously sustained by, and sustaining, the liberty of intellect and action—it is at once the tyrant and the embodiment of republicanism, the tyrant over individual domination, the fosterer of universal freedom. With its emissaries ever on the alert, and scattered throughout the various territories of the earth, stimulated to novel exertions by an ever-present spirit of competition, roused into new development by the ceaseless alterations of society, the press, as a monitor of the populace, is ever increasing in its influence and 'strengthening in its strength.' But that such should be the case cannot create astonishment, when it is remembered that its vitals are the amassment of many thousand minds, that it stands forth the representative of human intelligence, that it is the creature of the logician, the analyst, the politician, and the philosopher. Occasionally, without question, this being rebels against its own creator, as in the instance of America, where, nourished in its malice by the moral turpitude of the social system, and given up to the most licentious abandonment, it pollutes the commonwealth by its baleful presence, and rules it only as a very demon would. There, a great nation is at length becoming conscious that, like another Frankenstein, it has warmed into existence a creature of hideous aspect and of horrible capacity—a monster which now constitutes its greatest misery—one that, unless annihilated, may ultimately prove its downfall. Within the coffee-houses, however, the characteristic which is most conspicuously visible in the newspapers is that of their rapidity in giving information; nothing is

more significant of the present age than this quality in our daily literature. A volume, yet damp from the pressure of the type, is elaborately dissected on the very evening after publication; before the bandage is yet adjusted over a broken limb at the hospital, the accident is detailed in every journal; while the actress is still engaged in removing the rouge from her countenance, a criticism on her performance is being 'set up' by the compositor; the orator at a public assembly, on resuming his seat, has the first portion of his address thrust into his hands already printed, with the intimation 'left speaking,' at its conclusion. These circumstances would have savoured of black magic to our progenitors, but society has become habituated to their recurrence, and no longer regards them as miraculous. For our own part, however, we can never enter a coffee-house, and perceive the broad sheets of our newspapers, yet reeking after their passage through the labyrinth of the printing machine, without an internal exclamation of 'Honour to the Press!' 'Honour to the manes of Gutenberg!' After this somewhat protracted digression—of which the subject-matter is a sufficient apology—we cannot but award to the beverage consumed during the perusal of the literary effusions alluded to, some portion of those emollient sensations experienced by the frequenter of the coffee-house. Clearing the brain of all dulness or apathy, stimulating the minute ramifications of the nerves, and thus calling the imagination, as it were, into healthy action, the decoction of the Arabian berry demands some token of our gratitude. Alas! we cannot illustrate thy excellent qualities as 'Elia' apostrophised the unctuous merits of mere sassafras; we cannot, without deterioration, attempt a catalogue of thy beauties, or even of thy subtle insinuations upon the palate through the medium of our senses, whether of sight, of touch, of taste, or of perfume. Enough for us, that, like a cannibal, we can merely testify our affection with the most wanton barbarity, by obtaining thee, first to roast, then to grind, then to boil, then to devour. In truth, coffee requires no celebration from us, since it has received such magnificent honours from the hands of royalty itself; when the burgomasters of Amsterdam, desirous of testifying their loyalty to Louis XIV in the most remarkable manner, despatched to him, as the richest present at their disposal, a beautiful specimen of this plant, then regarded as a prodigious rarity. On a balmy evening in August, in the year of grace 1714, the watermen upon the river Seine observed a grotesque-looking structure conveyed with much caution and difficulty from the cushions of a barge up the stairs of the quay, adjacent to the Tuile-

ries, and then ensconced with considerable nicety upon a vehicle which stood there in readiness for its reception. Several carriages, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and drawn by horses richly caparisoned, were ranged along the neighbouring road; and from these vehicles descended the solemn and stately figures of some thirty members of the Academy of Sciences. Throwing back their state cloaks, sumptuously powdered with silver *fleurs-de-lis* and edged with miniver, the erudite officials clustered round the package which had just been landed, and one of them, M. de Jussieu, the king's professor of botany, stepped forward with a mincing gait, twirling his agate cane between his delicate fingers, and, producing a small key, unlocked the outer enclosure of the box. The hinges flew back, and disclosed, beneath a curious frame-work of glass, an exquisite little tree, some five feet in height, its slender boughs drooping under the weight of its glossy leaves, the hue of which was of a brilliant evergreen, while the verdure of the foliage was relieved by the whiteness of its jasmine-like blossoms and the cherry hue of its red berries. Nothing but expressions of amazement and admiration burst from the lips of the French sages at the sight of this extraordinary novelty—a trumpery little coffee-plant—when a young man, of skinny proportions, startled them with a violent outburst of laughter—the cause of their extreme rapture appeared to him so extravagantly contemptible. M. de Jussieu cast a supercilious glance at the youth, ordered the present from Amsterdam to be conveyed to the Royal Garden at Marly, bowed with a dainty grace to his colleagues, and withdrew. Little did the inquisitive lookers-on conjecture that the meagre youth who shuffled past, still smiling at such sedate fooleries, was afterwards to attach his name permanently to that quay, that he was destined by his writings to annul such shallow mockeries by his wit, and rouse a revolution by his philosophy—little did they imagine he would become so celebrated as Voltaire. Possibly, this courtly pomp in the reception of a simple coffee-plant, confirmed that great free-thinker in his animosity against kingcraft. Howbeit, in the abstract, the berry of Mocha is of a soothing nature, and, with its pungent sweetness, softens down the more bitter feelings of humanity; though when taken in excess, it not only disorganises the nervous system throughout, but is productive of some ludicrous consequences, amongst which it repeatedly causes a twitching of the upper eyelid. This peculiarity it was that brought such incessant mishaps upon our acquaintance, little Andrew Meek: if he visited a ball-room, twitch! twitch! went his eyelid, and the gentlemen present kicked him over the

door-mat for winking at their wives and sisters; if he entered a religious edifice, twitch! twitch! went his eyelid, and the beadle pushed him out, before the entire congregation, for indecorous behaviour; if he dropped in at an auction-mart, twitch! twitch! went his eyelid, and everything was knocked down to him by the auctioneer, and finally he was knocked down himself for declaring he had not bid once. Andrew Meek at last discontinued drinking coffee; the affection in his eyelid departed, and he continued to dance and visit public sales without molestation until the period of his decease. Notwithstanding these rather comical results of the coffee-nut as a beverage, its average operation upon the more susceptible portions of the constitution is decidedly beneficial. By some inscrutable property, it acts simultaneously as a burnisher to the reflective faculties and a queller of the harsher passions—a circumstance that may appear rather anomalous, but which is founded upon absolute experience. Ply an irascible person with full-flavoured Mocha, and he not only subsides into amiability, but actually becomes hilarious, forgetting even the grounds of his annoyance as his lips approach the grounds of the coffee. Indeed, our Arabian berry may almost vie, in these excellent consequences, with the genial efficacy of a newspaper, and that the latter is an unrivalled kind of peace-maker, we regard as a matter beyond dispute. As a testimony of this, we refer to that traditional anecdote of the two draymen who encountered each other, team, cart, brewers' barrels and all, in one of those narrow by-passages which intersect the outskirts of the City, and which admit only one vehicle at a time. Of course, both of these redoubtable bruisers refused to budge one jot, and each demanded priority of progress with quite a miniature dictionary of maledictions. But the upshot of the disturbance is, that one gentleman, exhausted with the quarrel, coolly stretches his burly limbs along the shaft of his dray, and, drawing a copy of *Bell's Life* from his scarlet night-cap, begins dipping into the news with much relish. What does his opponent do on this display of resignation?—Trounce him within an inch of his life? Nothing of the sort—he leans across his wheeler with a polite bow, and observes, 'Beg your pardon, sir, but I'll engage that paper after you, if you please!' After this authentic narrative, who shall deny that coffee-houses are not aids in the advancement of civilisation? Fully confirmed in this last opinion, we derive vast satisfaction from the prodigious patronage accorded to these inimitable establishments; and oftentimes, too, we amuse ourselves by a calculation of the nourishment consumed therein,

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both mentally and bodily, and, as we (Zachary Gobbletop) are not unfrequently abstracted during the computation, we have been productive of no little amusement. Upon one occasion we were absorbed in one of these abstruse arithmetical problems, and endeavouring to make an estimate in round numbers of the food devoured during a single week, taking into account so many houses in so many streets in the various parishes of the metropolis. Sixty-four, carry two, and add up the next column—a death-like silence pervaded the coffee-room, saving the faint singing in the gas pipes, and the occasional rustle of a magazine. Our task was just reaching the 'sum total'—the girl stood by, waiting for our order. 'Five thousand six hundred and fifty cups of coffee, three thousand nine hundred and seventy-two rounds of buttered toast!' we exclaimed in a voice of triumph. A look of astonishment from everybody present awoke us from our fit of abstraction; the handmaid staggered against the umbrella stand with surprise, and hurried into the back parlour, of course, with the intelligence that there was a fat lunatic in number seven, with a plush waistcoat and such an appetite! However, 'be it known unto all to whom these presents may come' that our principal recreation in a coffee-house—that is the principal recreation of us, the imperial Gobbletop—is in studying the different characteristics of its frequenters. First and foremost is the podgy old gentleman yonder, his spectacles resting on his upper lip, and firing his eyesight straight down the bridge of his nose, as another would aim along his Manton, bringing down the 'follies as they fly.' Then there is the funny gentleman, always dropping on facetious things, beating his forehead in wild, but silent, bursts of hilarity, and waving off the attendant with her supply of crumpets, as though he said: 'Hist! for Heaven's sake—another minute!' until he arrives at the termination of his joke, and resigns the paper with twinkling eyes to attack the provisions. Then there is the monopolist in the adjoining box, who sits upon several unread publications, hatching their contents in a tremour, lest somebody else should have their prior enjoyment. Then there is the blunt, matter-of-fact fellow, with I. S. D. glimmering in every button, and altogether a very impersonation of his household god, as he himself styles it—'blunt.' He is remarkable for deeming it an absolute matter of conscience to get the entire value of his halfpence, and, consequently, reads everything in a newspaper, railway advertisements and all, from the number up in the left hand corner, to the 'printed and published' at the bottom of the last column inclusively. Then there

is the benevolent gentleman, who mutters every sixth word out loud for the especial benefit of all in his neighbourhood, sustaining the interest of the intervals by a subdued hum; precisely in the manner Richard III would have repeated his soliloquy, had it been introduced as a stage-epistle, thus:

'Now, h-m-m-m-winter h-m-m-m-m-m-discontent;

H-m-m-m-glorious h-m-m-m-son of York;

H-m-m-m-house h-m-m-m-lie

H-m-m-m-bosoms h-m-m-m-ocean buried!

Then there is the diminutive man, who invariably peruses a paper when spread forth in all its gigantic dimensions, grasping the edges as vigorously as his short but outstretched arms will permit, until you begin to fancy that he is holding on for dear life by the margin, instead of placidly glancing over the news. Then there is the pale gentleman, who cannot understand three consecutive sentences from the incessant chuckling in the next box, and, having a very discursive mind, is uncertain after studying a wretched paragraph of some twenty-five lines for the last half-hour, whether it is a description of some novel dance, or an execution, a wild beast hunt among the Carib savages, or a royal battue. This individual always reminds one of what the waggish old butler in Richmond-buildings called 'the pursuit of letters under difficulties,' when he ran along, on half-a-dozen soft corns, after the postman down at the end of the next terrace. In sooth, many of the customers are so eccentric in their dispositions, that their habits would remind one of coffee-houses themselves, since there you constantly see 'spoons in their cups.' Zachary Gobbletop haunteth these domains as their good genius, he pervadeth all the coffee-houses in London, like Ubiquity in quest of muffins."

### The Gatherer.

*Singular Coincidences.*—The words written in italics in this paragraph are the names of persons who are all residing in the town of Dorchester, which can *Brage* of its *Duke*, *Bishops*, and *Squires*; for each of the *Parsons* a *Clark* is to be found, although they must be content with a *Chupple*. Builders will find lots of *Wood* and *Stone*, but to describe any wood in particular, save *Ash* and *Nutt*, is difficult, our *Groves* not producing any other; yet as *Painters* can cover all imperfections, they have choice of colours in *Green*, *Brown*, *Grey*, *Olive*, and *White*; tradesmen are plenty, for there are *Tailors*, *Millers*, *Bakers*, *Coopers*, *Masons*, *Cutlers*, a *Joiner* and *Lock Smiths*; and for the agriculturist, there is a *Plowman* and a *Carter*. The

*Lakes of Dorchester* do not produce any angling for the *Fisher*; being all so shallow they may be crossed by the *Ford* in a *Patten* without a *Barge* or *Bridge*. The sportsman need not *Fear* of finding any *Day* in the *Winter* or other time a little amusement by looking after the *Birds*, or getting a pop at the *Martin*, the *Dove*, or the *Drake*; but should he prefer a hunt after a *Fox*, or a *Hart*, he could be supplied with some *Poynters* and a *Talbot*. *Garlands* are plenty, though flowers are scarce; and in trying to *Cull* the *Rose*, care must be taken not to get a scratch from the *Briers* and *Thorns*. 'Tis *Trew* that time might be more profitably employed than in putting this *Patch* (batch) of names together, or, having so many *Masters*, they may say the *Style* is not *Wright*; but if to *Read* it amusement has been afforded to any who have not a heart of *Steele*, it is to be hoped no one will feel *Cross*, and say it is a *Parcel* of nonsense, without any *Reason*, and be ready to exclaim, in a *Pett*, "it is all *Fudge*!"—*Dorset paper*.

*Drops of Comfort generally Administered by Friends*.—Having your health proposed at the age of forty, as a "promising young man." Reading a newspaper on a railway, containing an account of "five-and-twenty lives lost" only the day before. Losing a heavy sum at cards, and all your friends wondering how you could have been "*such a fool*!" Putting on a white neckcloth, which you fancy becomes you, and being hailed all the evening as "waiter." Publishing a novel which does not sell, and reading in a review.—"This work is equal to anything of *Ainsworth's*." Breaking down before ladies in the middle of a song, and a wag calling out "*Encore*." Losing your latch-key, and wife and mother-in-law both sitting up for you. Having your gig nearly upset by an omnibus, and being abused by the conductor for not seeing "*vere ye're coming to*."—*Punch*.

*Italian Beauties*.—"You have heard of the bright eyes and raven tresses and music-like language of the Neapolitans; but I can assure you there is nothing like it here, *i. e.* among the lower classes. The only difference that I can detect between them and our Indians is, that our wild bloods are the more beautiful of the two. The colour is the same, the hair very like indeed, and as to the 'soft bastard Latin' they speak, it is one of the most abominable dialects I ever heard. I know this is rather shocking to one's ideas of Italian women. I am sure I was prepared to view them in a favourable, nay, in a poetical light; but amid all the charms and excitements of this romantic land, I cannot see otherwise. The old women are hags,

and the young women dirty, slipshod slatterns. Talk about 'bright eyed Italian maids indeed.'"—*Headley*.

*Dr. Herschel's Books*.—The library of the late chief rabbi, Dr. Herschel—consisting of upwards of 4000 Hebrew volumes, and including, it is said, many rare books and manuscripts brought together by the high priest himself, his father, and grandfather—has been purchased for the Hebrew College, at the very low price of 300*l*.

*The Imaum of Muskat*.—His highness Saeed Hillal Eben Saeed, the eldest son of the imaum of Muskat, arrived at Southampton, with his suite, last week. When the prince's arrival was communicated to the government, captain Cogan was deputed to receive and escort his highness to London, accommodation having been prepared for the prince and his suite in Brook-street. The object of the prince's visit is said to be that of obtaining information in respect to our government and institutions.

*Dealing with a Singer*.—The original Zerlina of the opera was Signora Bondini, daughter of the manager. In rehearsing that part of the finale of the first act where she is seized by Don Giovanni, there was some difficulty in getting her to scream in the right manner and place. It was tried repeatedly, and failed. At length, Mozart, desiring the orchestra to repeat the piece, went quietly on the stage, and awaiting the time that she was to make the exclamation, grasped her so suddenly, and so forcibly, that, really alarmed, she shrieked out in good earnest. He was now content. "That's the way," said he, praising her; "you must cry out just in that manner."—*Holmes's Mozart*.

*Dwellings of Luther and Melancthon*.—The Prussian government has purchased the two houses, in the town of Wittenberg, wherein Luther and Melancthon resided,—with the intention of establishing in each a free primary school. The two great reformers are buried beneath the choir of the church of the castle of Wittenberg; and on its magnificent gates, burnt during the war, it was that Luther affixed his ninety-five famous propositions. These gates are about to be replaced, in exact conformity with the drawings of them, which remain—with this only exception, that they will be of bronze instead of sculptured wood.

*Diamond Finding*.—In the town and province of Bahia diamonds have latterly been found of such value that gold is no longer sought for. One letter says, "Gold is common and abundant in every brook, but no man regards it; all are gathering diamonds."

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